*Excerpt from the Journal of Warhost Staff Sergeant Lorec Ern, Recorded in his Memoirs, 60 ABY*

It was a time of great uncertainty for us. In those days, we worked closely with the Disciples of Sadow - the Dark Jedi and elite soldiers who followed in Naga Sadow's footsteps - but we did not know the extent of happenings. We were soldiers, and we followed orders. We knew that the Sadowans were only one Clan among seven. We knew of the other Clans. We had war gamed endless scenarios of conflict with them, of invasions, of defending our homeland, and of every possible skirmish and battle in between. We knew their capabilities, as we were sure they knew ours.

Then, it came as some surprise when we were told we would be working with one of those Clans: Tarentum. The Tarenti had a reputation as masters of death and dark arts associated with it. We had a healthy respect for the Dark Side, having worked with many great Dark Jedi over the years, but the Tarenti's obsession with death was legendary, and we were unsure of them. Still, when we began to explore those ruins on Qirool IV, and we found those ancient spirits, we were happy to have the Tarenti come to our aid. After all, they were masters of death, so who better to call when faced with those who should have long since gone to rest for eternity?

*Lorec*